THE SWORD INTERVAL

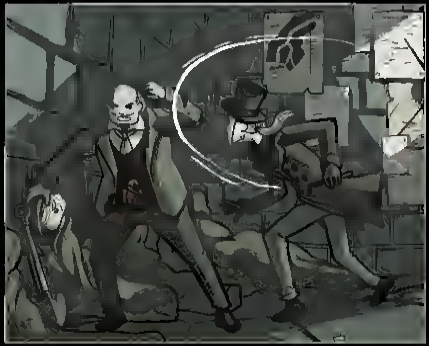
BY REN FLEUTER

Damn.
Sorry, Arthur.
Fssss

Don't know why I thought that could change anything.
Fssst

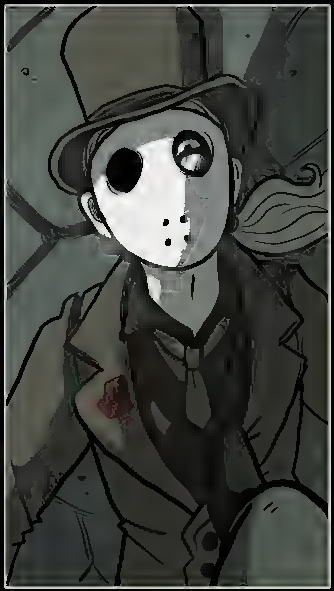
But he wouldn't stop wailing.
Karl had had enough.

And so Ar
became a



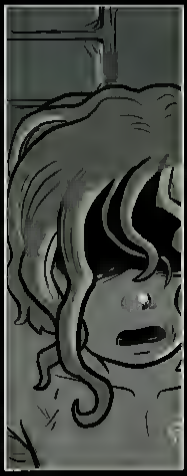
You are never leaving this place, Karl. Do you hear me?

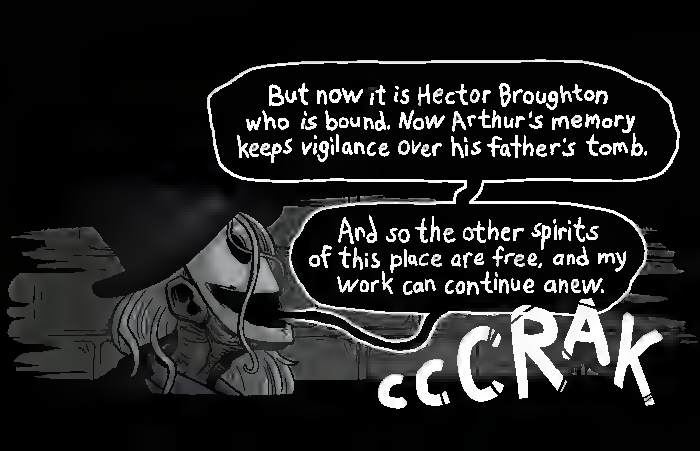
I CURSE YOU!
ON THE VERY GRAVES OF SAGE AND ARTHUR I CURSE YOU!



SHK

By their
graves.




But now it is Hector Broughton who is bound. Now Arthur's memory keeps vigilance over his father's tomb.
And so the other spirits of this place are free, and my work can continue anew.
CCCRAK

HHH!

Wait...